Out, out, thou ſtrumper Fortune! all you gods,
In generall ſynod take away her power,
Breake all the ſpokes, and fellowes from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Polo. This is too long.

Ha. It ſhal to the barbers with your beard; prethee ſay on, he's for a Iig, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleepes, ſay on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, a woe, had ſeene the mobled Queene.

Ham. The mobled Queene.

Polo. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoot vp and downe, threatning the flames.
With *Biſon* rhume, a clout vpon that head
Where late the Diadem ſtood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp.
Who this had ſeene, with tongue in venom ſteept,
Gainſt fortunes ſtate would treaſon haue pronounc'd:
But if the gods themſelues did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pirhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her husbands limmes,
The inſtant burſt of clamor that ſhe made,
Vnleſſe things mortall moue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And paſſion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his collour, and has teares in's eyes prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee ſpeake out the reſt of this ſoone, good my Lord will you ſee the Players well beſtowed; doe you heare, let them be well vſed, for they are the abſtract and breefe Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vſe euery man after his deſert, and who ſhall ſcape whipping, vſe them after your owne honour and dignitie, the leſſe they deſerue the more merrit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come firs.

Ha. Follow him friends, weele here a play to morrow; doſt thou here

3 follies 13 rehume 21 husband
26 cullour l. cult heare